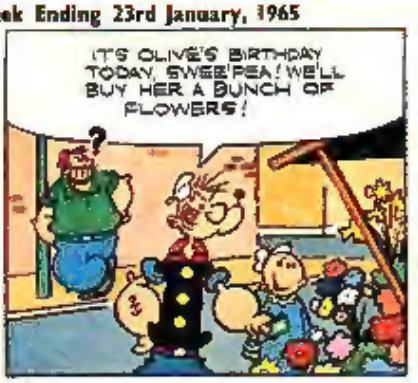
TV COMIC

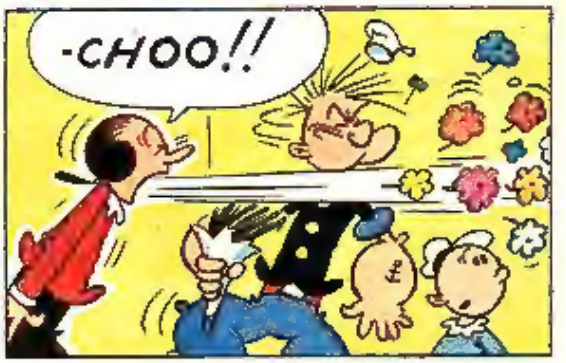
FREE a super TV album PLUS 4 full coloured star portraits

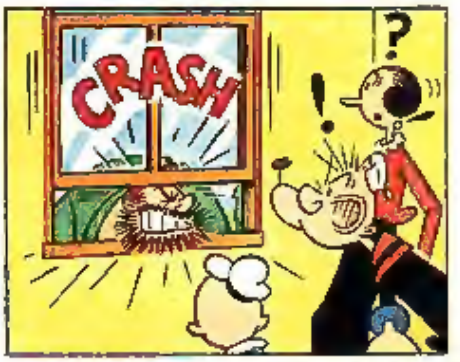
6D

Every Monday | Week Ending 23rd January, 1965 | Number 684

POPEYE



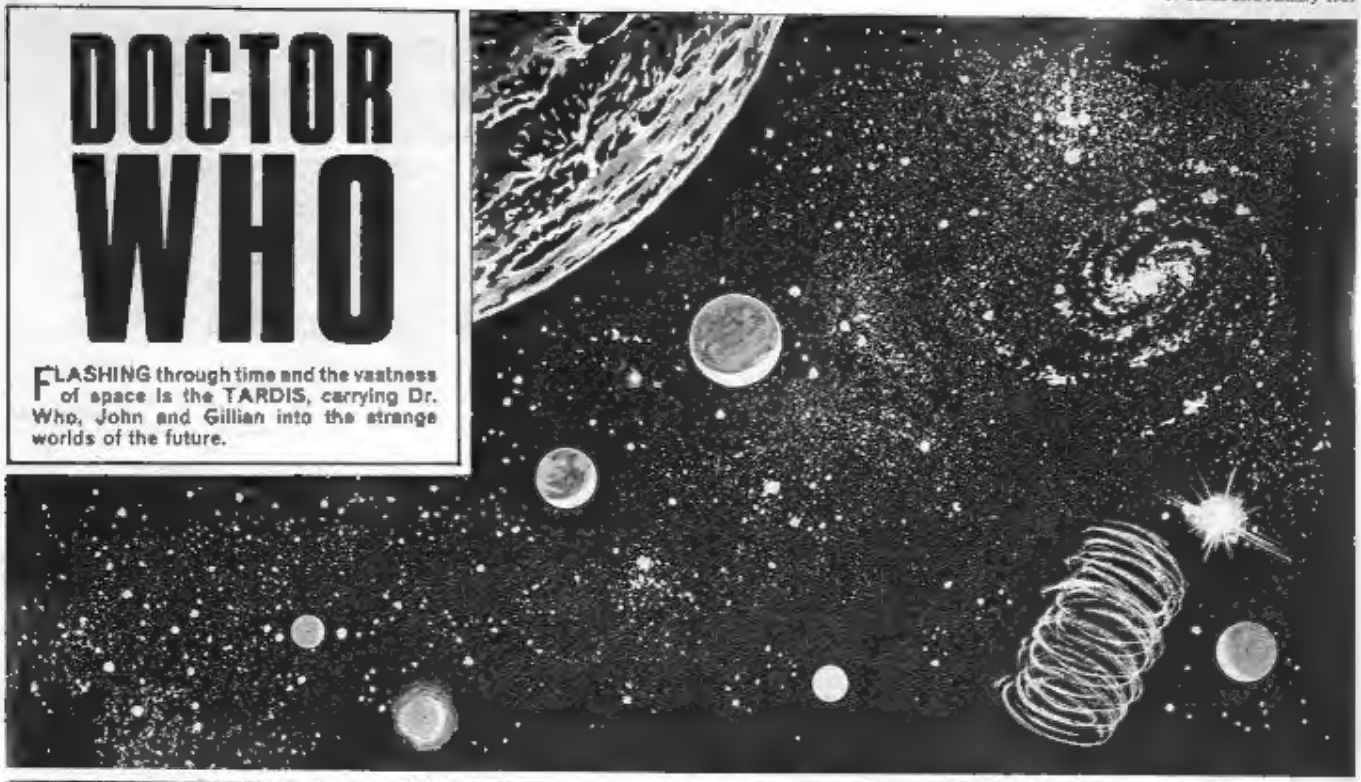




SO...
ARF! ARF! OLIVE'S SEEING MUCH NICER STARS THAN OLD BRUTO!
OH, THANK YOU, BOYS! WHAT A MARVELLOUS GIFT I'VE GOT—MY NEW BOOK OF TV STARS!
©1965 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC.

DOCTOR WHO

FLASHING through time and the vastness of space is the TARDIS, carrying Dr. Who, John and Gillian into the strange worlds of the future.



LOOK AT THE STARS WHIRLING AND FLASHING ROUND US, JOHN!
IT'S BECAUSE OF THE FANTASTIC SPEED WE'RE MOVING AT! I WONDER WHERE WE'LL LAND NEXT?

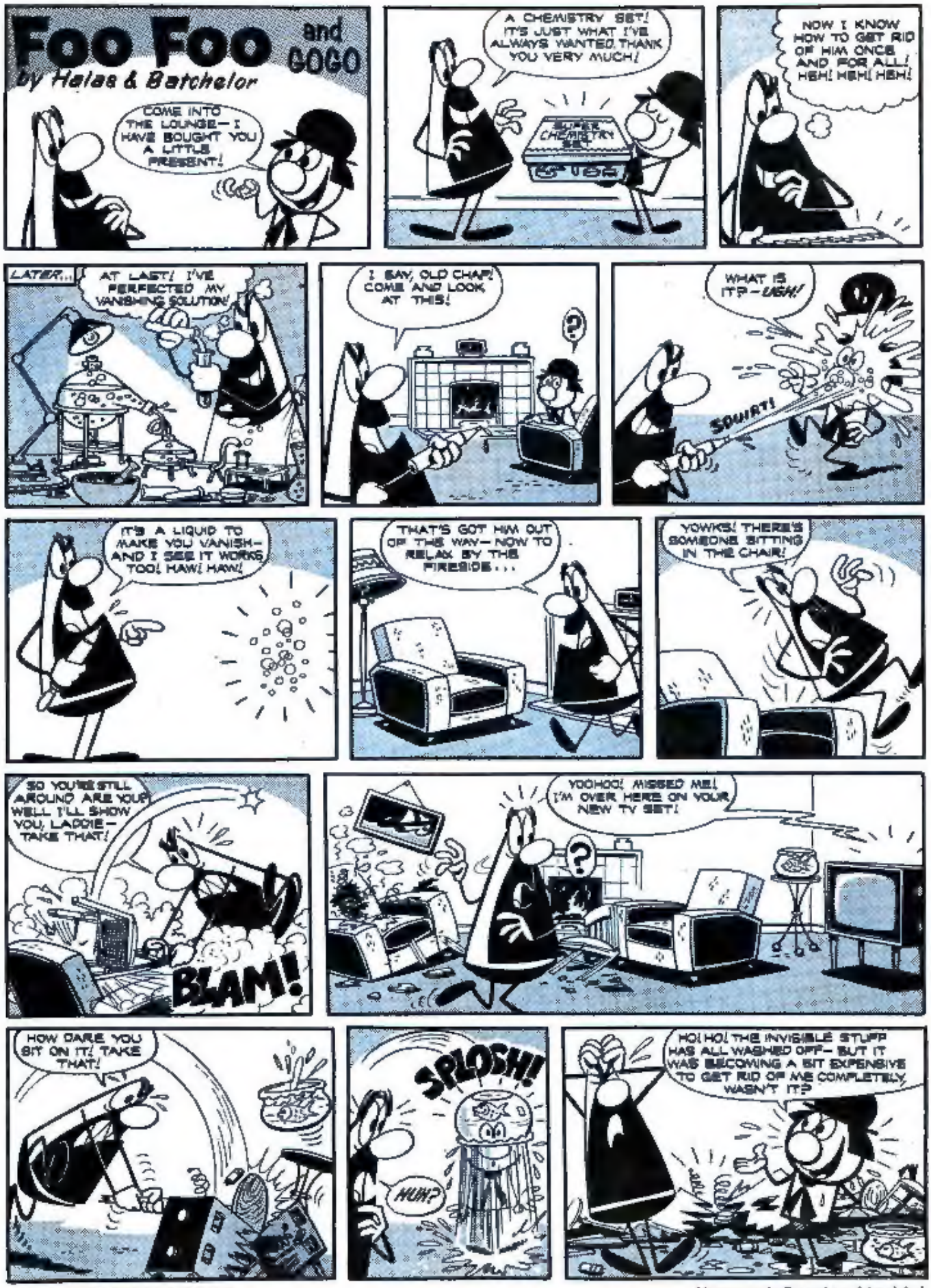
HOLD ON! WE'LL SMASH INTO THE PLANET AT ANY MOMENT NOW!
WITH A SICKENING CRASH, THE TARDIS PLUNGES INTO THE ARID PLANET. . .
WE'RE DOWN! I HOPE THE CONTROLS AREN'T BADLY DAMAGED, OR WE'LL BE MAROONED IN SPACE FOR EVER!
THE DOORS OPEN. . .
WE'RE NOT THE ONLY VISITORS TO THIS PLANET! A SPACESHIP'S CRASHED AS WELL! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT IT AND SEE WHO'S ON BOARD!
HEY I CAN JUMP MILES INTO THE AIR!
THE PLANET HAS HARDLY ANY GRAVITY — LIKE EARTH'S MOON!
THE TIME TRAVELLERS MOVE TOWARDS THE SPACESHIP, THEN. . .
GRANDFATHER! LOOK AT THAT MONSTER!
QUICK! HEAD FOR THE SPACESHIP BEFORE IT ATTACKS!
THE MONSTER IS CLOSING IN UPON US — WE CAN'T ESCAPE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! JUMP — JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!
MADE IT! NOW — MAKE FOR THE SPACESHIP BEFORE IT ATTACKS AGAIN!
THEY CLAMBER BREATHLESSLY INTO THE AIR LOCK OF THE STRANDED SPACE CRAFT. . .
SAFE AT LAST! THE BRUTE WON'T GET IN HERE!
WE'RE NOT SAFE! WE'RE IN EVEN GREATER DANGER! LOOK OUT!
DON'T MOVE, OR I'LL BLAST YOU TO ATOMS!
NEVILLE MAIN

© BBC tv 1965

What adventures lie ahead for Dr. Who?—don't miss next week's TV comic!

Foo Foo and GOGO

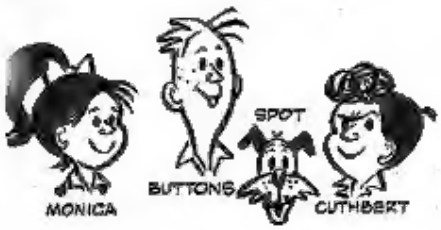
by Helas & Batchelor


COME INTO THE LOUNGE— I HAVE BOUGHT YOU A LITTLE PRESENT!
A CHEMISTRY SET! IT'S JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
SUPER CHEMISTRY SET
NOW I KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL! HEH! HEH! HEH!
LATER...
AT LAST! I'VE PERFECTED MY VANISHING SOLUTION!
I SAY, OLD CHAP! COME AND LOOK AT THIS!
?
WHAT IS IT? — UGH!
SQUIRT!
IT'S A LIQUID TO MAKE YOU VANISH— AND I SEE IT WORKS TOO! HAW! HAW!
THAT'S GOT HIM OUT OF THE WAY— NOW TO RELAX BY THE FIRESIDE...
YOWKS! THERE'S SOMEONE SITTING IN THE CHAIR!
SO YOU'RE STILL AROUND ARE YOU? WELL I'LL SHOW YOU, LADDIE— TAKE THAT!
BLAM!
YOOHOO! MISSED ME! I'M OVER HERE ON YOUR NEW TV SET!
?
HOW DARE YOU SIT ON IT! TAKE THAT!
SPLOSH!
HUH?
HO! HO! THE INVISIBLE STUFF HAS ALL WASHED OFF— BUT IT WAS BECOMING A BIT EXPENSIVE TO GET RID OF ME COMPLETELY, WASN'T IT?

Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"

Next week Gogo's a big drip!

TV TERRORS



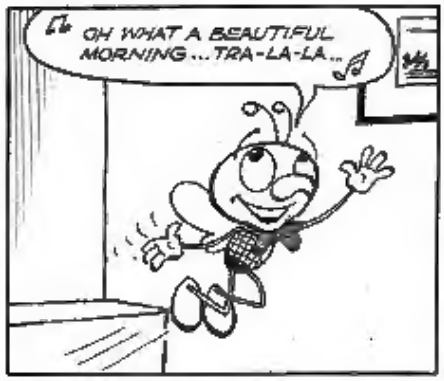
ALL THESE LOVELY CUSTARD PIES READY AND NOBODY TO THROW THEM AT!
WE CAN'T GET ANY CHILDREN TO TAKE PART IN OUR CUSTARD PIE ACT, HOPPIT!
LEAVE IT TO ME, SIR— I KNOW THE VERY KIDS!

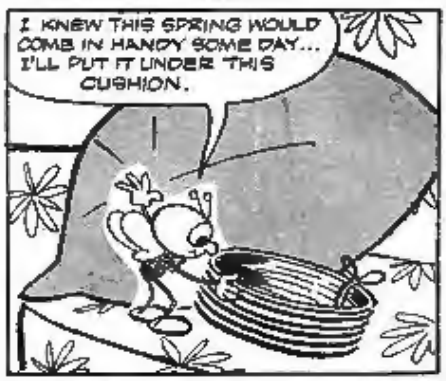
SO. . .
HI THERE, GANG! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE PART IN A SHOW?
?
PUSH!
NOW WHEN THE RED LIGHT GLOWS I WANT YOU TWO LADS TO WALK ACROSS THE STAGE!
HEH! HEH! I MUST WATCH THIS THROUGH THE LITTLE HOLE IN THE CANVAS!

KERPLOP!
QUICK— LET'S DODGE IN HERE!
PICK YOUR POP!
GRRR! NO USE YOU HIDING BEHIND THAT JUKE-BOX! I'M GOING TO TURN THE TABLE ON YOU RIGHT NOW!

Next week Hoppit makes an impression!

MIGHTY MOTH





Mighty Moth and Dad are back again next week!

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

YIPPEE!
COR! THAT MUST BE GOOD NEWS MR. HENDERSON.
HERE, JUNE, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
DEAR DICKIE, I AM SENDING YOU A LOAD OF ANTIQUES, AS MY HOUSE IS TOO SMALL FOR ANY MORE! YOURS, UNCLE CEDRIC.

NOBODY WILL SEE ME DUMPING THEM ON THIS WASTE LAND!
COO! A POLICEMAN! I'LL HIDE IN THE MUMMY CASE UNTIL HE'S PASSED BY!
HALLO! HALLO! HALLO! WHO'S BEEN LEAVING LOADS OF LITTER AROUND!
POLICE

I'LL RADIO THE STATION AND GET THEM TO SEND THE DUSTCART AROUND TO PICK UP THIS RUBBISH!
POLICE
CLICK!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! THAT MUMMY'S MY DAD!
HA! HA! JUST LIKE HIS DAD! ALWAYS HAVING A JOLLY JEST!

Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"

Who's Zoo at the Zoo in next week's Dickie!

It is a normal, busy day at the Space Airport...

SPACE CONTROL ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF FREIGHTSHIP 182 FROM ASTEROID OMEGA...

182

AWW! I'D RROONER BE LOADING CARGO ON THAT FREIGHTER THAN HANGING AROUND HERE ON STANDBY DUTY!

THEN...

CAPTAIN DART AND CREW OF GALAXY-ESS 500... REPORT TO COLONEL RADBURN AT SPACE PATROL HQ...

SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

THE CAPTAIN OF FREIGHTER 182 RECEIVES A WARNING FROM THE ASTEROID CALLED OMEGA...

WE USUALLY CARRY THE RARE METAL DECTIUM FROM OMEGA, CAPTAIN DART, BUT THIS TRIP THE MINING COMPANY REQUIRED TO GIVE US EXPLOSIVES

ENOCH OLE EXPLOSIVES ON EARTH WERE USED IN OUR ATOMIC PLANTS REALLY ON THE OBSTRUM WE GET FROM OMEGA I'M GIVING YOU THE JOB OF ENDING THE TROUBLE OUT THERE, LARRY!

GALAXY-ESS 317 IS SOON SPEEDING TOWARDS THE TROUBLED ASTEROID...

THEY LAND SAFELY ON OMEGA...

AN ESCORT WAITS THERE AND TAKES THEM TO THE MINING CITY...

OUR CHIEF, DR. FENDOS, WAS TOLD YOU WERE ABOUT TO LAND, AND ORDERED ME TO BRING YOU STRAIGHT TO HIM, CAPTAIN

SOON THEY ARE FACING DR. FENDOS...

I AM DR. FENDOS. THE HEAD OF THE PLANT YOU HAVE COME TO SEE! WHY I HAVE STOPPED SUPPLIES OF DECTIUM, CAPTAIN?

WE'S DOCTOR, YOU HAVE BROKEN YOUR CONTRACT. IT COULD MEAN SERIOUS TROUBLE FOR YOU, SIR

CORRECT, PROFESSOR - BUT RADIATION CLOUDS THAT ARE UNDER MY CONTROL

SERIOUS TROUBLE FOR EARTH, CAPTAIN DART, IS THEY ARE NOT PREPARED FOR IT! IN MY POWER IS THE ONLY KNOWN SOURCE OF DECTIUM - I AM MASTER OF IT ALL!

UNLESS YOU AGREE TO START SUPPLIES AGAIN, I SHALL ORDER MY MEN TO CAPTURE YOUR SHIP, DR. FENDOS

THE SPACE ARMY WON'T BE HELPLESS AGAINST YOUR MEN, SEÑOR CAPTAIN! I'LL TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE.

GOOD GRIEF, LARRY! THOSE ARE RADIATION CLOUDS!

MEVAN

© WONDERAMA PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1965

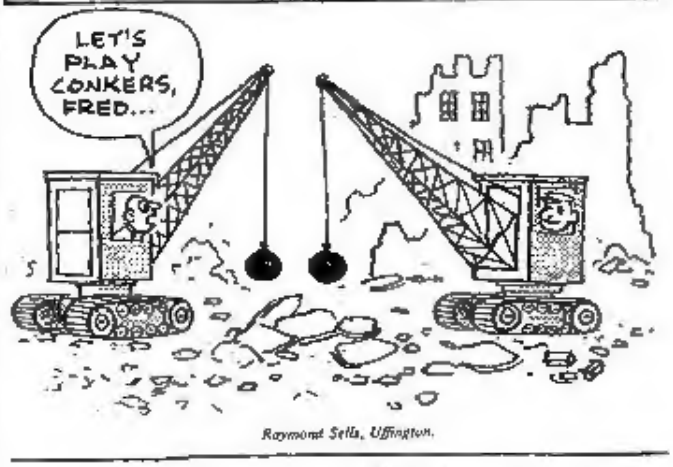
What will Dr. Fendo do with his terrible weapon? Don't miss next week's TV Comic

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Sharon Clark, Pudsey.

S. Brown, Kilmarnock.



Raymond Sells, Uffington.

David Whalley, Foxholes.

Peter Witter, Streatham.

Richard Shircore, Slough.

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just send us your name and address and you will receive a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals. Please enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

Tell your parents you are writing.

BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD.
(Dept. E131) BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE.

FREE!
25 NATURE STAMPS

Yes, absolutely free! To get this fabulous new free gift of stamps showing animals, birds, flowers, etc., together with Approvals, just send your name and address and enclose 3d. for postage to:

JET STAMPS (Dept. 971), Much Wenlock, Salop.

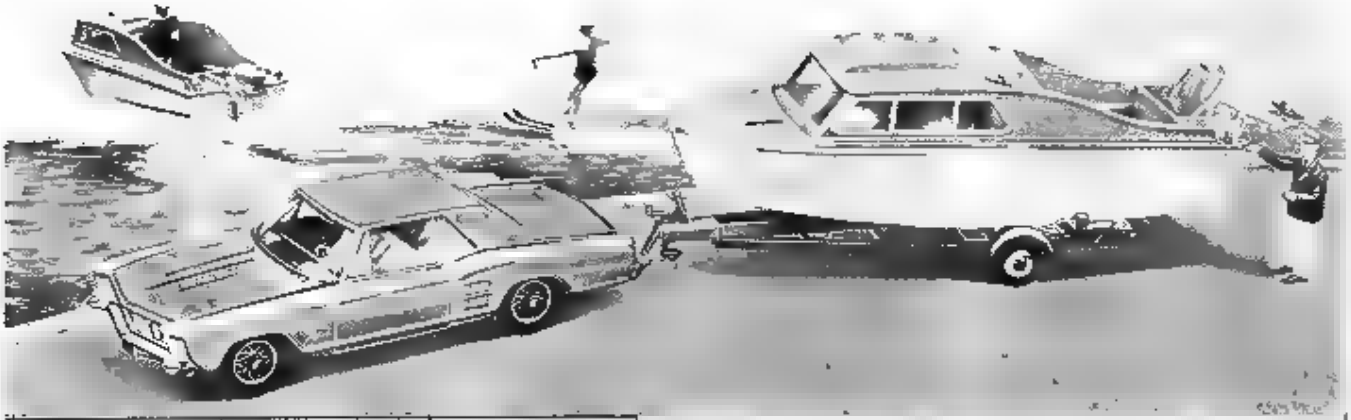
TV Comic & Express and Rocket is printed in Great Britain by Eric Bemrose Ltd., Long Lane, Liverpool, 9, and published for the proprietors by TV Publications Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. © TV Publications Ltd., 1965.
Editorial Offices: 37/39 High Holborn, W.C.1.

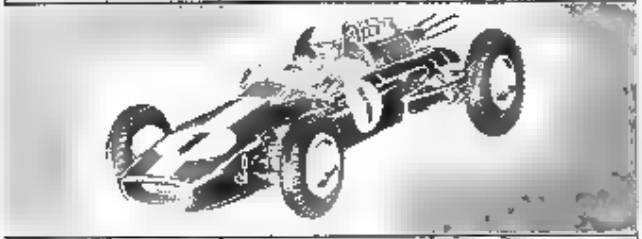
BEETLE BAILEY

I WONDER IF THIS IS THE WAY DOWN TO CAMP?
OH, POOEY! IT'S A DEAD END!
EEK!
CRUMBLE
CRUMBLE
GOLLY! PART OF THE CLIFF HAS BROKEN OFF! NOW HOW CAN I GET DOWN?
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO RISK THIS WAY!
SNAP!
OOPS!
PHEW!
SPLASH
I MADE IT! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET DOWN ALIVE!
ROAR!
OKAY! I'M THROUGH BEING NICE TO YOU GUYS, FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO GET TOUGH!
ESPECIALLY WITH THAT BAILEY!
WHOOSH
BOY! I KNOW WHEN I'M WELL OFF!
LEFT RIGHT! LEFT RIGHT!

© 1965. King Features Syndicate Inc.

There's trouble next week when Beetle goes down to the forest!





CORGI MAKE MODELS LOOK SO REAL!

For the greatest in model perfection, look to Corgi. Working features, accuracy and intricate detail are three reasons why Corgi Toys are tops. And every month you get new models!

Buick Riviera with Dolphin 29 Cabin Cruiser on Trailer and Water Skier. The big Buick has spoked wheels seats, steering wheel, Gildamatic spring suspension, plated grille and bumpers and front and rear Trans-o-lites that illuminate naturally—no need for batteries! Tows a Brooklands trailer carrying a superb model of the Dolphin 29 Cabin Cruiser complete with detachable Evinrude outboard engine. The cruiser's skipper is there and so is a girl water skier. Set course for Gift Set 31 today! Overall length 9½ ins. Price 13/6d.

Lotus Climax Racing Car. The finest example of racing car modelling you've ever seen. Just look at the detail of the rear suspension! See the streamlined rear-view mirrors, and the plated engine and exhaust pipes! A Grand Prix driver adds yet another touch of realism. This is top-gear modelling No. 155. Length 3½ ins. Price 5/3d.

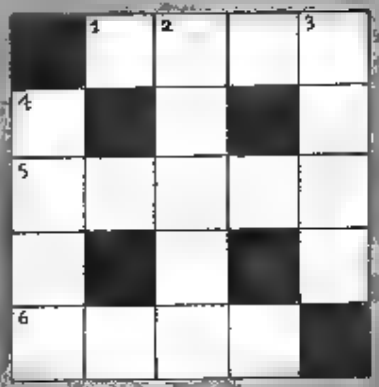
See them at your Corgi Shop! New models every month!

CORGI TOYS
PRECISION DIE-CAST SCALE MODELS

hallo, folks, my portrait is in next week's TV comic.

KENNY LYNCH is just one of the many TV stars whose portraits are given away FREE with TV comic during the next five weeks. Order your **TV COMIC** now

PICTURE CROSSWORD



CLUES DOWN

CLUES ACROSS

Dr. Nolan's TELEVARSITY

THE DESERTED SCHOOL

"IT'S horrible!" said Kane. "It's beastly!" Grogan agreed.

"Something's got to be done about it," said Bodger, thinking deeply.

The boys were discussing the new arrangements at Tele-Varsity. Dr. Nolan had sent the robots back to the workshop and made everything electronic. The college was silent and lifeless.

This pleased the headmaster, who had a slight cold and spent most of his time dozing in his study. But the boys found it very dull.

"Sometimes," said Bodger, "I feel I want to yell."

"D-d-don't do that!" Boodle stuttered in alarm. "You'll g-g-get f-f-fifty lines."

"If I don't do something," Bodger replied, "I shall get fifty fits."

The boys were at dinner, but presently they filed into their classrooms, all very solemn and quiet, for the whole place had been sound-proofed. Lessons began for the Fourth with a lecture on the TV screen on geography. The lecturer explained that the earth was not absolutely round, but slightly flattened at the poles. As far as Bodger was concerned, the whole afternoon was flat.

Bodger listened another five minutes, then decided he would have to leave the room, mainly to ease his mind. So he pressed a button on his desk. This caused a red light to glow in Dr. Nolan's study while a soft buzzer sounded. This was how the boys asked permission to leave class.

Outside in the corridor, as he stepped on to the Travelator, a TV camera on rails on the ceiling glided along with him to the cloakroom. This enabled Dr. Nolan to see what was happening.

It was all happening in deep silence, and Bodger, as he stepped off the moving floor, felt he could not stand it any longer. He turned round suddenly and stared straight at the camera.

"Boo!" he yelled.

Then he raced into the cloakroom.

Dr. Nolan nearly leaped out of his chair. He had been having a peaceful forty winks, and he glared at the TV screen.

"Boy!" he thundered. "Whoever you are—how dare you!"

Naturally enough, the screen was blank, for the camera could not follow Bodger through the door. But Bodger was shocked at what he had done. The desire to yell and make a noise had caught him off balance, and he started scrambling into his overcoat.

"I'll have to be missing!" he gulped to himself. "I gotta think of some excuse!"

It was easy to be missing from the cloakroom. In two ticks Bodger had got the window open, and a second later he was scooting away across the grounds.

But Bodger's "Boo" had been heard all over the school, for every corner was wired for sound. And quite a number of the boys had recognized Bodger's voice.

Kane and Grogan, the bullies of the Fifth, were quite delighted.

"Not a bad chap, that Bodger," grinned Kane. "He does some amusing things."

"I'd like to do the same!" Grogan snorted. "This silence is giving me the pip."

They spoke in whispers, of course, because anything above a whisper could be heard by the headmaster. And they were not the only boys to feel excited. Tom Ranger, the captain, and Digger Cobley, his pal, stared at each other in astonishment.

"It's that Bodger again!" Tom gasped. "We'll have to get after him!"

"Suits me!" grinned Digger, and he followed Tom's example by pressing the button on his desk.

As school captain, Tom felt it his duty to keep order.

It was astonishing how many boys felt the same. They were all fed up with peace and quiet, and buttons were being pressed all over the school. Dr. Nolan nearly went off his head as his buzzer played a kind of dot-and-dash Morse code to him. Everybody wanted to see what was happening.

Boodle was among the first to reach the cloakroom. The open window showed quite clearly which way Bodger had gone, and Boodle wasn't slow in following his example. Boodle felt he had to help his pal.

"The s-s-silly ass! He'll g-g-get about 500 lines for this!"

Behind Boodle came a whole crowd, Kane and Grogan yelling with glee.

"Good old Bodger!" cried Grogan. "He's got the right idea!"

Dr. Nolan had very different ideas. Driven mad by the buzzer, he left the room himself! But there was such a crowd on the Travelator, it was some moments before he could find himself a place.

"Boys! Boys!" he gasped. "What is the meaning of this?"

Dr. Nolan felt dazed. Then a strange thought occurred to him, and he became rather fierce. How could such a mob of boys get into one small cloakroom!

Dr. Nolan soon found out! They were going in by the door and out by the window! Bodger seemed to have found a way to make a break in the awful dullness of a long, quiet afternoon.

The headmaster entered in time to see the last boy scrambling out into the grounds, and Dr. Nolan looked fiercer than ever.

"Outrageous!" he cried. "I must get them back immediately!"

Caught up in the general excitement, Dr. Nolan rushed to the window. His idea was to call the boys to order, but to his astonishment they had all disappeared. It was a lovely winter afternoon, the sun like a red glow in the mist, and the boys had all scattered among the trees and bushes.

Dr. Nolan sneezed as he felt the chill in the air. Hurriedly he withdrew and closed the window. Stalking back to his study, he was about to press the button to summon Pete, the leader of the robots, when he remembered suddenly that he had dismissed them all.

Dr. Nolan stood as one stunned. Electronics, he realized could not chase boys round the grounds. They had all defied him, and he was entirely alone.

Dr. Nolan rushed to the telephone, and in a few moments he was through to Grantham, the engineer. Like Napoleon at Waterloo, he was calling up the Old Guard . . .

MORE TELEVARSITY NEXT WEEK!

PICTURE CROSSWORD ANSWERS

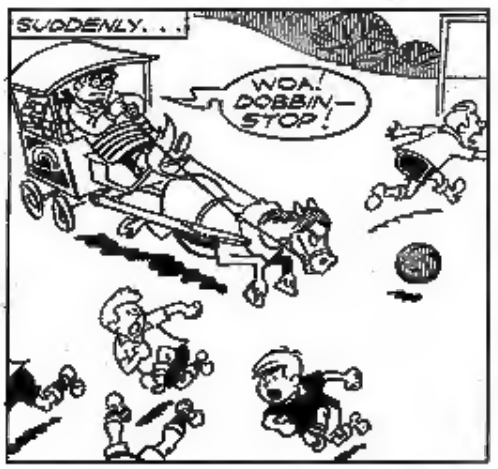
■	S	T	A	R
L	■	A	■	E
A	P	P	L	E
M	■	I	■	L
B	I	R	D	■

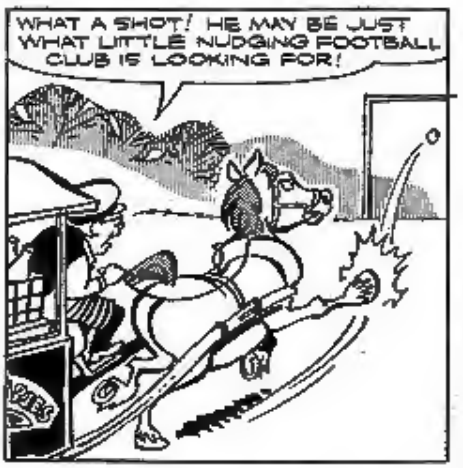
THE TELEGOONS

"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, MILKMAN IN THE QUIET GOONSHIRE VILLAGE OF LITTLE NUDGING AND CAPTAIN OF THE LOCAL FOOTBALL TEAM..."
THAT WAS OUR BEST GAME OF THE SEASON, LADS!
DA...I'LL SAY! WE ONLY LOST 8-0!

WHAT WE NEED IS A GOAL-SCORING CENTRE-FORWARD. OLD HENRY HERE IS GETTING A BIT PAST IT!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN, BUDDY? I SCORED A GOAL LAST YEAR!
WE KNOW, BUT THAT WAS FOR THE OTHER SIDE!

"NEXT DAY, I HAD SOME BAD NEWS FOR MY FAITHFUL HORSE DOBBIN...
SORRY, OLD PAL, BUT THIS IS YOUR LAST DAY ON THE ROUND I'M GETTING AN ELECTRIC MILK VAN TOMORROW!





IT'S GRITPYPE THYNNE, FIENDISH MANAGER OF ROUGHNECK UNITED, THE FIRST DIVISION CLUB!
CORRECT! AND WE INTEND TO WIN THE CUP THIS YEAR — SO WATCH IT!
"SO, WHILE ROUGHNECK UNITED WERE WINNING ALL THEIR GAMES...
"WE WERE WINNING OURS, UNTIL...
GOAL!
HOORAY! WE'VE REACHED THE CUP FINAL! NOW TO PLAY ROUGHNECK UNITED AT WEMBLEY!
LATER...
I'M WORRIED, GRITPYPE, THAT HORSE OF THEIRS CAN GET GOALS!
HAVE NO FEAR, MORIARTY! THERE'S ONE THING THEY HAVEN'T RECKONED ON — THE WEMBLEY TURF!
COACH!
SO, THE CUP FINAL...
HAVE A NIBBLE OF THAT, DOBBIN!
SO...
HA! HA! HE'S SO BUSY EATING THE LOVELY GRASS, MY BOYS CAN GET TO WORK!
AT HALF TIME...
WE'RE LOSING 18-0, YOU SILLY HORSE, YOU! WIN THIS GAME FOR US AND I'LL PUT YOU BACK ON THE MILK ROUND.
SO, TWENTY GOALS LATER...
WE'VE WON — GOOD OLD DOBBIN!
NOW OUR PICTURE WILL BE ON TV AND IN ALL THE PAPERS!
...AND WE'LL SELL MORE MILK THAN WE'VE EVER SOLD BEFORE!
WELCOME HOME DOBBIN

The Goons are in the desert next week!

The MILKY BAR KID
NESTLE'S
milky bar
MADE WITH FULL CREAM MILK
GOSH! SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!
QUICK, PA!
UGH!
THEN...
DON'T EVER DRAW A GUN ON ME AGAIN, COWPOKE! ELSE IT'LL BE MY SHOTGUN TALKING NEXT TIME INSTEAD OF MY FIST!
I'LL FIX YOU, YOU MISERABLE SHEEP-HERDER!
KEEP OUTA THIS, TEAGLE!
THANKS MARSHAL! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! I'M STEVE ROSCOE. I'M AIMING TO SETTLE AND DO A LITTLE FARMING OVER IN THE BIG BLUFF VALLEY!
HE'S LYING, MARSHAL! IF WE LET HIM IN THEY'LL COME IN THEIR HUNDREDS! AN' YOU KNOW HOW SHEEP CROP THE RANGES BARE AND RUIN IT FOR THE CATTLE!
THERE'S PLENTY OF SPACE FOR EVERYONE OUT WEST, TEAGLE! BUT THERE'S NO ROOM FOR ANY TROUBLE IN MY TOWN!
I'M WARNING YOU, MARSHAL... STOP THOSE SHEEPMEN COMING BEFORE US CATTLEMEN DO!
GEE! I'VE NEVER SEEN A SHEEPDRIVE BEFORE! LET'S RIDE OVER TO BIG BLUFF VALLEY AND TAKE A LOOK!

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week